

**WARNING:
F---ING HOT**

TIGHT

BAM!

**PAINFULLY
HOT
ASS**

**HARD
BODY JELLY
"SPANK ME
SO I BEG FOR IT"**

**ASIAN AGI
WILD MONGOLIAN
STEPPE GIRL**

**COVERGIRL MARSHA
"I WANT YOU TO
BE A BAD MAN"**

**SWEET HOLLY
"I'M DOING HER
BOYFRIEND"**

**BUSTY EVA
"I MASTURBATE
ON THE BUS"**

**SEXY BLACK BRIANNA
"GIVE IT TO ME
RIGHT THERE"**

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editor in chief JOSH THOMAS
art director JOSHUA TROTSKY
executive vice president/group publisher TONY DEBTEFANO
circulation K. LACE
custodian of records ELIZABETH RUIZ
advertising sales manager B.J. EUBANKS

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Marsha

Today I Don't
Have a
Boyfriend

AGE
18
FROM
St. Louis,
MO



I have a boyfriend, but I don't want to talk about him.

Let's just say that today I don't have a boyfriend. It's not that I don't love him, because I do, and I know he loves me—the part of me he knows. But there's another, secret side of me that I've never shown him because I know he wouldn't understand. I've never had sex with him; not real, going-all-the-way sex. He thinks I'm putting it off because I'm scared of losing my virginity or something. He doesn't guess the real reason is because I'm not attracted to him. In fact, sexually, I'm numb to him. I wish I wasn't, but I can't help it. He's a nice boy, a really, really nice boy. He's so sweet to me and I'd do anything for him. But deep down... sexually... there are things I want that a nice boy can't give me.

Today I want you. I want a man that will make me nervous. I got butterflies in my stomach the first time I ever talked to you. And you knew that, didn't you? That's why I'm here now. Even though you scare me a little. I don't know what you plan to do to me and I don't think you're going to be nice to me.



I want you to be a bad man. And I want you to do bad things to me. I want you to be cruel. And strict. I want you to overpower me. I want you to hold my wrists and tear down my panties. I want you to whisper things in my ear that make my face burn with shock. I want you to bend me over my knee and punish me with a hard spanking. I want you to grind your hard erection up into me as your hands swat my butt cheeks red.





"Down on your knees." That's what I want you to say to me. After you finish spanking me, I want you to put me on my knees and slowly take out your cock and show it to me. It will probably scare me, your cock. It will look hard and fat and menacing. I can tell that because when I look at you I see a bad, bad man who has exactly what it takes to fuck a girl like me.

I know you sense without having to be told that I'm hungry for your cock. Seeing me down on my knees in front of you, you step forward and put your hand on my head. Then you take your big, hard cock and feed it to me. You won't ask. You certainly won't plead. You'll know that—even though I could never, ever admit it in words—I want you to force me to suck on it. I want to be controlled and mastered. You understand there's a part in all women that longs for that a little, but you have the instincts to sniff out the ones like me that really *hunger* for it.



You take one look at me and know I need to be dominated by a man like you. And I reward your confidence, your courage, by polishing your cock with my mouth, giving you my open throat to fuck and my soft, teenage face to drag your cock over. Then you push it back in and take hold of my hair and fuck my face.

Do you think I'll look like a whore when I suck your cock? Does it surprise you that I ask that? Why, because I look like such a good girl? I am a good girl most of the time, but not today. Today I want you to make me your whore. That's the part of me that I've been keeping inside and that's the part that you're going to bring out of me.









You're going to fuck my brains out, aren't you?

That's really what I want: to be brainless, mindless. I want your cock to drive out all the other thoughts except the thought of you inside me. You're going to give me deep penetration and stimulate my clit to the point where I'm sobbing for you. You're going to be the ultimate older man who I've been waiting for. The one who will master me and take control and not recoil from the whore that lives inside of me, but bring it out and embrace. You're going to fuck me just like a whore until I scream in orgasm and thrash my hair and wail out how much I love the way you fuck me.

And after? After we'll separate and never talk to each other again. I have a life and probably you have one too. If you try to speak to me after this, I'll look right through you. If you try to touch me, I'll scream. Today I don't have a boyfriend, but tomorrow I'm going right back to him.

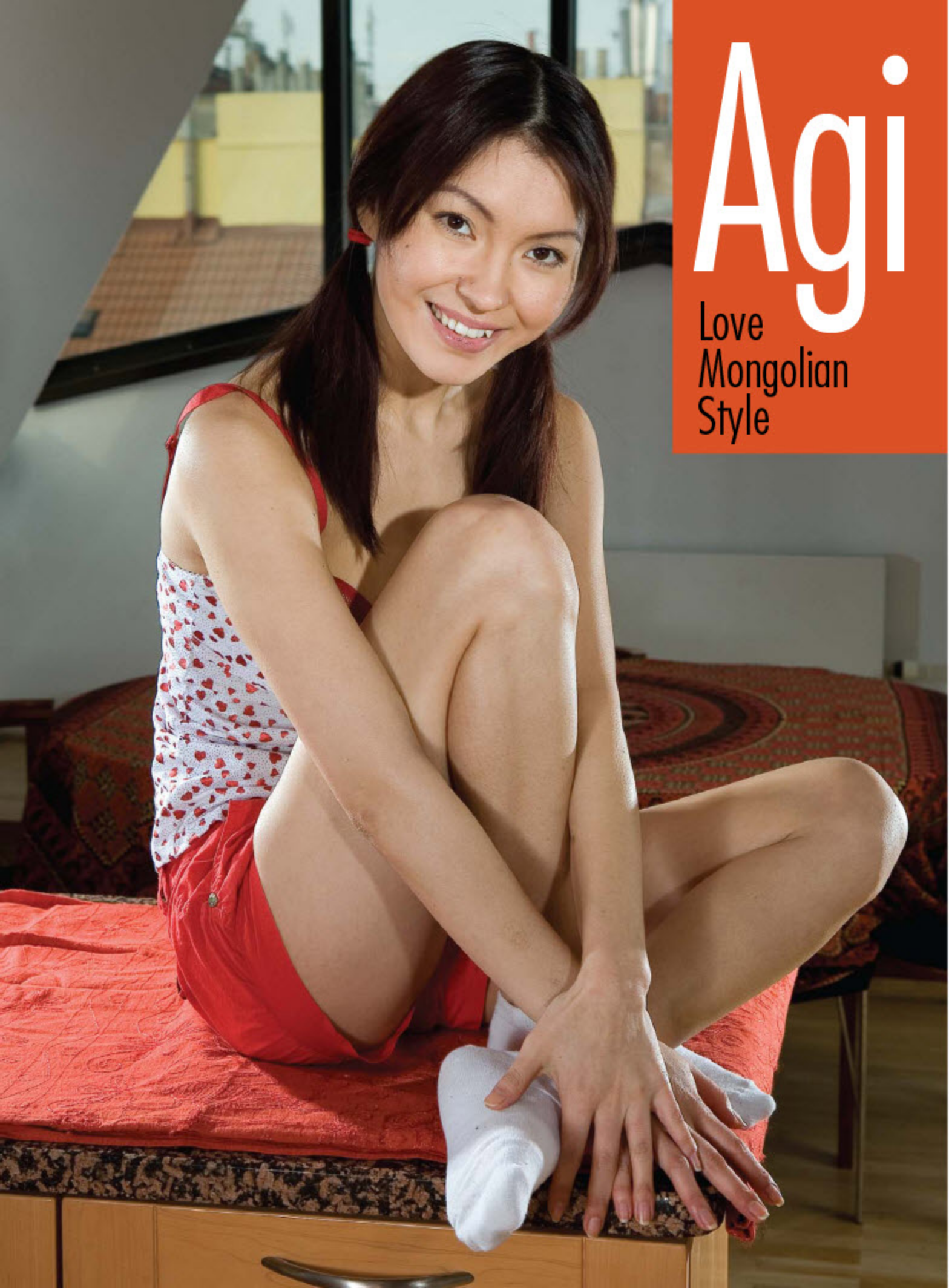






Agi

Love
Mongolian
Style



My full name is too hard and long to pronounce. I come from the steppe lands of Mongolia. It is a country in central Asia that is now very poor—mostly we raise yaks and sheep—but once we were the center of an empire that ruled the world! That's the way: sometimes you're up and sometimes you're down. For an ambitious Mongolian girl of today, the only way to get ahead is to leave the country. So I say goodbye to my family in Ulaan Baataar and come to America as a dance student. It is a dream come true!

Mongolians have a great deal of wounded pride in their country. They wish for the days when they were strong again, when Genghis Khan and his warriors forced the people of the world onto their knees. The foreign men had to endure the Great Khan's heel on their neck and watching their wives raped in front of them and taken away forever. Mongolian men want such power again, but it is not to be. I think now it is the Mongolian women who are being taken away by the winds of market forces. Not as brutal, perhaps, but the result is the same. My body belongs to American men now, especially the ones that have the money.

A good steppe girl, I am a little wild and crave adventure. So the clubs I am taken to, I know they are sex clubs, but what this means I can't really say. I barely understand sex at this point, and I am still being surprised about what



AGE
18
FROM
Ulaan
Baataar



men want from me. I am wearing so little clothing and all the men are wearing suits. The air of the club is cool on my skin and the music seems like it is vibrating right through me. Two men are talking to me. They are friends, or business associates...I can't quite hear them and I'm a little fuzzy-headed to follow their English.



They want me to come upstairs with them?

They want to give me an adventure? They say it will be an experience to make my eyes roll into the back of my head.

We are kissing in the back of the club. The two men pass me back and forth, stroking my body as I kiss them each in turn. The one behind me is pushing his hand down my shorts. I am almost embarrassed that he will discover how wet I have become down there. Is it because I am sweating? Do I need a bath? No, it is because my pussy has become so excited for what it knows is coming. I do not know myself yet, but my pussy is ready for it!

They push me down on my knees. They are taking out their cocks. They would not believe me, but the only time I've seen people naked was in some Russian made pornography. These are the first real cocks I have seen, and right



away they seem too big for me. I know that cocks are meant to go in pussy, but these are so big I don't understand how that is supposed to be possible. But these men now want to stick it in my mouth. This is maybe a little easier and perhaps this is a kindness on their part.

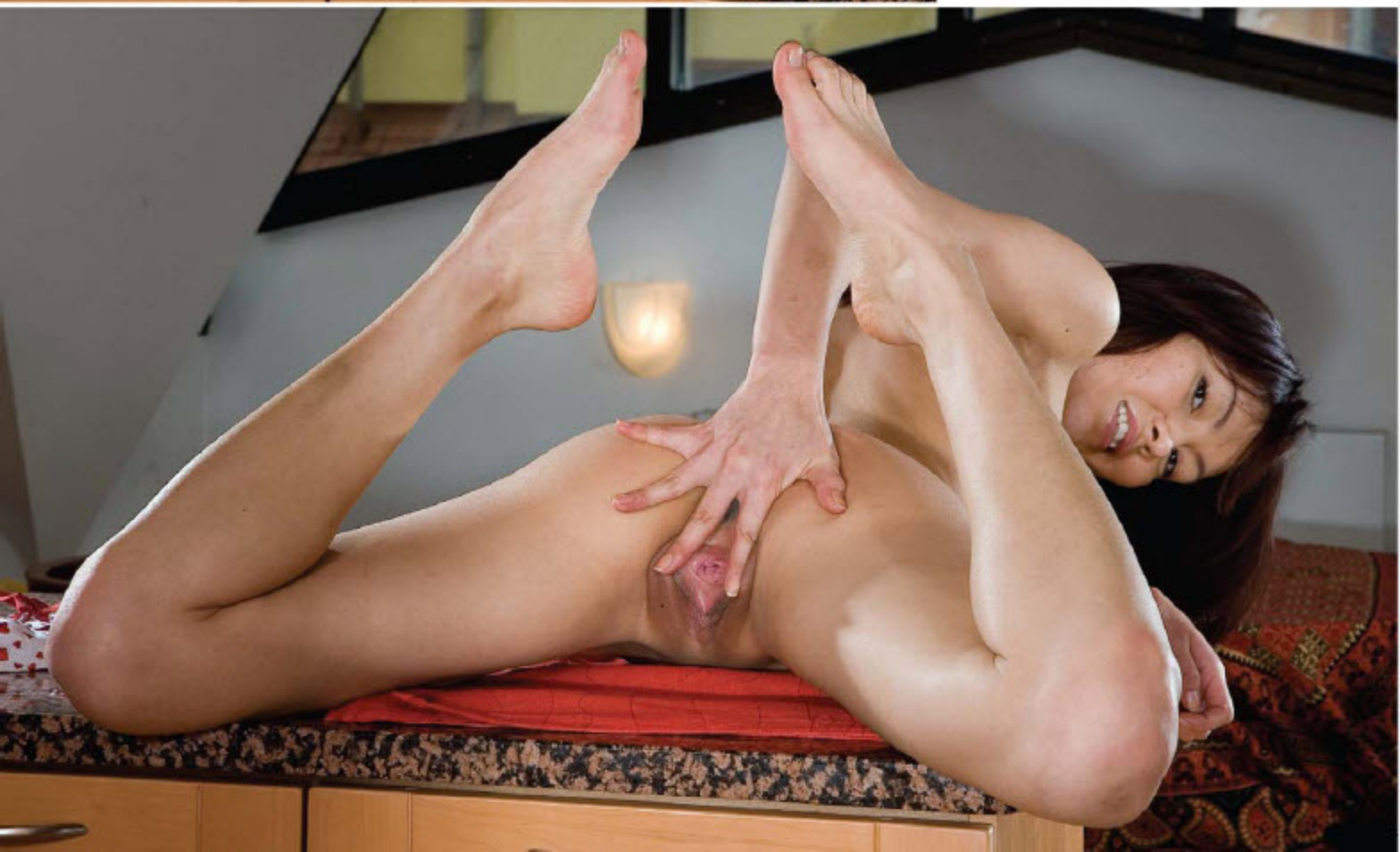
I'm supposed to suck their cocks hard with my lips like I am milking a yak. They both want to be sucked at the same time. It is not possible and so hard to try and keep up! Oh, my mouth is so stuffed with oversized American cock! I have never done this before and it is now too much. I am trying to suck and suck as fast as I can. They seem happy...but angry at the same time. They are like rams that are in rut, the more excited they get the more aggressive, thrusting their cocks deep and hard into my mouth. Then they pick me up and bend me over the table.



I am to be fucked and it is not a discussion.

I feel my panties yanked down my thighs. Now they're shoving each other, fighting for their turn. Eventually one wins and the other comes before me to stick in my mouth. He plugs my lips just as I am moaning in shock as my pussy is pushed open. Oh, this is sex like the barbarians must have had! I close my eyes and feel my body forced to take their hard, shoving cocks from both ends! I have no choice but to submit to them as they plunder my body. I try to moan and squeal but my mouth is stuffed with cock. My pussy aches with excitement as this man pounds me so hard from behind. Oh, I can suddenly taste his seed in my mouth! I am so lost in this moment, I feel like I'm being fucked forever!

I found a boyfriend sometime after this experience. He is an American serviceman who will marry me and make me a citizen. Strangely, he will be away much of the year, while I am left in great, big America, learning to explore all these strange new flavors!











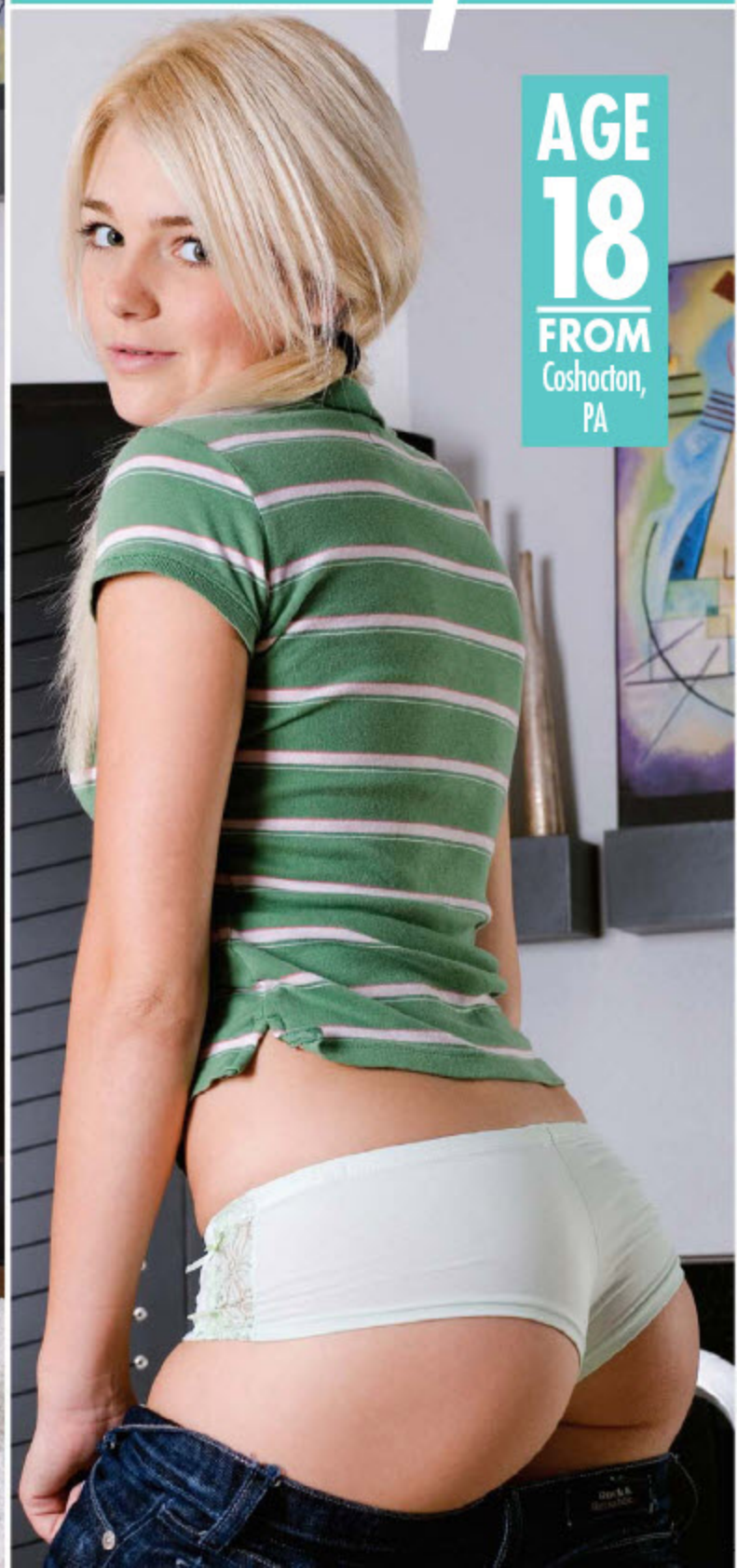




Holly

The
Other
Woman

AGE
18
FROM
Coshocton,
PA





I have a relationship with a guy who's already in a relationship.

We totally became friends really fast, phoning and texting and, yeah, totally flirting when suddenly he lets out that he's "not quite single." At that point I should have been like, fuck you, but of course I didn't. Being attached is a big no-no for me, but I really liked him and he made me laugh so hard that once vodka tonic came out of my nose. So I told him we could still be friends but *just* friends—sex was out of bounds. He said that was great and that I was a truly amazing person for being so understanding and that he was so glad because he really treasured the friendship we had.

So of course I fucked him that night.

Afterwards, the regret was incredible! What the fuck was I doing? I told him to go; that this was a one-night stand and was never going to happen again. He told me he understood and that he respected me and that one night was enough, because it was so amazing and he would remember it forever.

So of course we fucked again.

That went on for a couple of months. I wanted him to break up with her. He said he wanted to, but when he was with her he felt so guilty about cheating on her that he couldn't bring himself to tell her. God, it got me so pissed off!



And so of course I fucked someone else.

I did it to be even with him. He was still sleeping with his girlfriend; I should have someone else too. He wasn't the only man in my life. I thought it would make me feel better.

Of course it made me feel like shit.

I mean, while I was in bed with other guys, fucking them, I felt great. I would feel liberated; just enjoying *fun* sex again! Stupid, mindless, animal fucking! I even started doing crazy dirty stuff with these new guys. My attached boyfriend had never had my ass, but he'd sort of sneakily, sort-of-joking-but-not-really, hinted about it. So guess who got my ass first? Not him! Awesome experience! Dirty, stupid, carefree, raunchy ass fuck with a hot, stupid guy who I barely knew. But afterwards I felt like such a dirty, gross whore; just a totally worthless piece of crap.





So of course I told him about it. And of course he broke up with me.

After that, we were no longer speaking, or texting, or IMing or anything. I busied myself with schoolwork and fucking a few different guys. I'd pretty much managed to get him out of my mind. Until one day he emailed me. He apologized and said I was a beautiful person and that he regretted ever making me the "other woman." He said I was beautiful, intelligent and funny. He appreciated what little time we had and felt bad that he never got to really say goodbye and get closure.

So of course I met him again, and of course I fucked him.

I know it was stupid. But just seeing him again brought up all those old buried feelings. And before I knew it we were back in my room and he was screwing me so hard and good. Right in the middle of it the new guy I was seeing knocked on my door.





We froze. He was like, "Holly? You there?" talking through the door. We didn't make a sound, waiting for him to leave. I'm thinking the whole time: Now I'm cheating on somebody! I started crying quietly. He still had his hard dick in me and I'm crying underneath him. He's trying to shush me because he doesn't want to get caught and get his ass kicked. Eventually my new guy leaves and we start fucking again. But I can't go through with it.

"It feels so wrong," I say to him. "Everything about our relationship is so fucked up!" I started really crying. He held me and said he was so sorry for ever causing me pain. He actually thanked me for stopping the sex. It was wrong and he didn't want it anymore either. He wanted only to be my friend, because imagining me *not* in his life was too awful.

So after he said that of course I let him fuck me again.



Jelly

Let's Do
Something
Stupid

AGE
18
FROM
Glendale,
CA

When he actually started licking me down there, I sort of didn't believe it. I mean, sure, I could *feel* it, but

I thought my senses must be mistaken. He was licking me all over my pussy and it felt amazing! I was arching my back and curling my toes, clutching the bedspread as my eyes rolled into my head. Then his tongue probed lower...and lower. Wow, it sure *felt* like he was licking on my ass. But there was no way he could really be doing that, right?

He was totally licking my ass! Right on my ass! Tongue touching



my asshole and lapping at it. I clenched up my butt and started wriggling away. He held me in place and went, "Nuh uh," as he kept on slurping on me. I squealed, but eventually gave in. Not went limp, but more froze up in shock. The guy had his tongue up my ass! Every lick jolted me alive! Then came the finger!

Finger up the butt! It feels like...well, sort of like...*having a fucking finger up your butt!* Oh my god, what the fuck was happening!

Then he started spanking me. OH, SHIT! This guy was seriously losing his mind! But then I noticed something: I was so wet that my pussy was leaving a snail trail across the bed. Every time he swatted my bottom I think I wet the bed more.



Then he said, "I'm going to spank you until you beg me to fuck you in the ass."

I almost died! After about twenty more squeal-inducing spanks, I said, "Okay, fuck me in the ass."

He lubed me up with his fingers, probing and pressing them into me. First gently, and then not so gently, and then not gently at all. Then he pulls his fingers out.

I feel his cock press up against my ass. This is totally ridiculous to be doing this, but he has gotten me so hot with his tongue and fingers that I'm not thinking clearly at all. I'm getting that "Let's do something fucking stupid!" vibe I sometimes get when I'm drunk. But I'm not drunk—at least not off alcohol. I can smell my own arousal. My pussy is throbbing between my legs, and my asshole is flexing in little pulses too.

He presses in very, very carefully. He knows what he's doing, no rushing but no hesitation either. I feel my butt hole being stretched open exactly as if I were taking a very large poop. But there's the unmistakable difference of something traveling *up* my butt. I gasp. My own voice sounds so terrified in my ears, and for some reason that gets me off. I can't really explain it, but it does.









A sudden wave of gasping sex-shock pours through me.

I try not to squirm, but I can't help it. He rolls his body with me, fucking into my rump in harmony with my own movements. He puts one hand on the small of my back and the other on my shoulder. My muscles clench involuntarily around his cock. The inability to close my asshole sends a kind of muscle panic through my backside. We ride it out, clenching and re-clenching on his shaft.



"Slut," he groans

as my asshole crushes on his cock. He says this in the happiest way possible; I can tell from him it's a compliment. The wave passes and I relax into it further. He's fully inserted into me and, now that I've adapted a little, he starts fucking into me more steady and strong. I feel the intrusion of his cock sliding through my hole and pumping me inside. His mouth is close to my ear. I can hear his breath catch as my muscles tighten again around him. He's close to cumming, I can hear it. His thrusts get fiercer, deeper. I sneak my hand between my legs. My pussy is sopping as I slide my fingers in and rub myself towards climax. I'm moaning an increasingly hyper-urgent wail of plaintive, sobbing, gasping sex-babble. I'm pleading for him to fuck me in the ass. His deep thrusts hurt but feel so awesome too! He bites down on my shoulder. He's going to cum; I can feel it. Suddenly he pulls out—I can't help the gasp of disappointment that slips from me—then starts simply humping my crack. "OH, SHIT! OH, SHIT!" he's gasping, and I can feel his cum hitting me all the way up to my shoulder and the back of my neck.

Afterwards, he holds me. There's a towel under my now very wet and messed up little pooper. "So, did you like that?" he asks.

"No, it was terrible," I say. We both start laughing.









EVA

Freshly
Fucked



AGE
18
FROM
Tampa,
FL



It's a rush to walk outside right after we're done with our session.

I put in my headphones, tune up my Ipod and savor that post-sex high as I walk to the bus stop. I feel wonderfully out-of-sync with the rest of the world. Everybody's rushing on their errands, doing their jobs—distracted, frustrated, exhausted, bored. Nobody looks happy, not like me. Freshly fucked, I wander along, smiling to everybody. My hair is wild; my cunt is wet and throbbing and leaking an ever so slight drip of your semen. When the bus finally comes, I climb on and sit down and drift into a dreamy state of blissful reverie.

I smile at a guy sitting behind me. He's an older guy, the only one on the bus to wake himself out of his own hypnotic daydream to notice me.



He's just a normal guy; could be anybody; looks sort of like you. I smile back at him as I ease my hand down my panties and secretly touch myself on my ravaged, wet pussy. Mmm. More than wet, my cunt *gapes*—swollen and puffy and hot, still so deliciously sensitive from the pounding you gave it just a few minutes ago. My finger slides in without any effort at all and I find myself sighing in a joyful little burst of pleasure as my fingertip hooks in.





The trouble with sex is the more you have, the more you want.

Only minutes ago you had me pinned to the bed as you drove your cock into me. I can remember almost laughing at the way your cock made my body *thrum* with each pounding thrust. Then, as I got ready to cum, you bent my legs up and propped my feet on your shoulders. My body was bent in half as you plowed me over the bed so hard that eventually my head started konking the headboard. God, I love the way you fuck me! Our relationship makes no goddamn sense at all—I'm half your age!—but the need to keep taking what you're giving me is palpable. I haven't even gotten home yet and already I'm hungry for another session. I want you inside me so bad that I can't sit still. I half toy with the idea of getting off the bus and walking back to your place so that I can bang on your door and expose my tits to you the moment you open it. I don't care how late it is, or if your wife comes home and catches us. I'm addicted to you. Before I realize it I'm already masturbating to my thoughts of you. A public bus with nothing but a light jacket in my lap to cover me up, and I'm restlessly fingering myself as I savor the memory of you taking my pussy. My thighs press together, squeezing my hand as I frig my hungry little pussy. My sloppy, wet, folds make slick, slurpy noises around my busy finger. Oh, I need you so bad!





I sigh out loud, before I can stop myself.

I bring my hand up to my mouth, bite down on my knuckle. Mmm. I can smell my sopping pussy on my fingers, and...could it be? Yes, the slight but unmistakable scent of your meaty cock that was pumping in there only a moment ago. I suck on a finger. God, this need for you is too much! I'm just rub-rub-rubbing my sweet, sensitive little pussy and clit until my legs are parting on their own. My knees are spread wide, one pinned against the wall, the other in the seat next to me. Oh, God, this is getting too obvious, but I don't care! I *have* to get off!

My mind is flooded with the memories of you fucking me.

My mouth drops open. It's like I'm experiencing a sense-memory of your cock shoved between my lips, into my throat. I can suddenly recall the taste of you, your big, hard cock stuffed into my wet mouth...into my throat...choking me with your manhood. I suck on three fingers at once as I frig my desperate, hungry little pussy until it's twitching and throbbing for release. I want to be fucked by you. Jeezus, at this moment I want to be fucked by *anybody*!



Here it comes...here it comes... Oh, I feel it right there!

Oh, shit! The orgasm rolls through me. I moan from deep in my soul, pressing my forehead against the window. My pussy spasms around my fingers as my back arches with ecstasy. I'm fucking cumming like a train! Fuck yes!

Panting, sweating, I look back at the guy behind me. His eyebrows are up, saying: *Did you just do what I fucking think you did?* I give him a weak smile. My stop is here. I pull myself up and stumble towards the door. Outside, I spot the guy looking at me in the window and blow him a kiss as the bus travels on.







Eva
MARCH 2009
TIGHT



Brianna

Breaking
Barriers



Yeah, you're my first white boyfriend. My first white "partner." You know what else? You're my first period. Yeah, honest! Why does that surprise you? You think black girls all have sex so early? You read too many newspapers.

I chose you because I like you. Because I trust you. You just got that something. It isn't about race, black or white, with me. That's more your generation's thing than mine. With me, it's about the person, the feelings, the connection. And I feel connected to you, baby. Do you feel connected to me?

You kiss me so good. You kiss me promiscuously, all over, everywhere, liberally, places I didn't even think I wanted to be kissed feel good when your lips touch there. I get warm wherever your mouth travels. I can feel my body rolling languidly as it relaxes under your

AGE
18
FROM
Chicago,
IL



attentions.

I'll take my clothes off for you, but you have to let me roll over on the bed. I have to get used to being seen by a man. But you can look at my backside, touch your hands over me, stroke me, massage me. I'm putty in your hands. Mold me, stroke me, probe me. Press your fingers into my most sensitive secret spots.

See me arch my ass up at you. I'm tilting it up for you in the universal invitation that all animals know. Be an animal for me, baby, and I'll be an animal for you. I'm welcoming you, urging you. Take my assflesh in your hands and bend me over. Get me into the most willing angle and enter me. Guide your cock into my puffy little slit.





OH, YES! I've heard all the warning stories, but this is amazing! Why didn't anyone tell me it could be like this? I love the way you fuck me from behind. Your incessant rhythm pumping deep into me as you hold my ass. I brace myself with my hands against the headboard and cheer you on with my moans. You impale me with your cock as your hands squeeze me.

I twist around to look at you over my shoulder. We're locked together, you and me, and I've never felt a connection that was deeper. You take my hand and pull it between my legs, showing me how to rub my clit as you drill me. The new sensations make me grunt with satisfaction. I start to command you, "Give it to me! Give it to me right there!" And you do. You fuck me exactly like I want.



Then you pull me upright against you.

We're both up on our knees as you fuck me from behind, cupping my breasts. I curve my back, pushing my ass back for you as I start squealing with pleasure. You're hitting in exactly the most perfect way. Your strong arms are circling around me, and you're kissing on the back of my neck as you thrust it up into me. Our grunts are mixing together like two animals. Your hand goes to my throat, to my face. I twist my head back and just manage to kiss you. Our tongues slither together as you hunch your cock deep up inside my pussy. You're the best fucker in the world!

Please cum for me. I want that. I want to see it. Shoot it right here, on my breasts as I lay down for

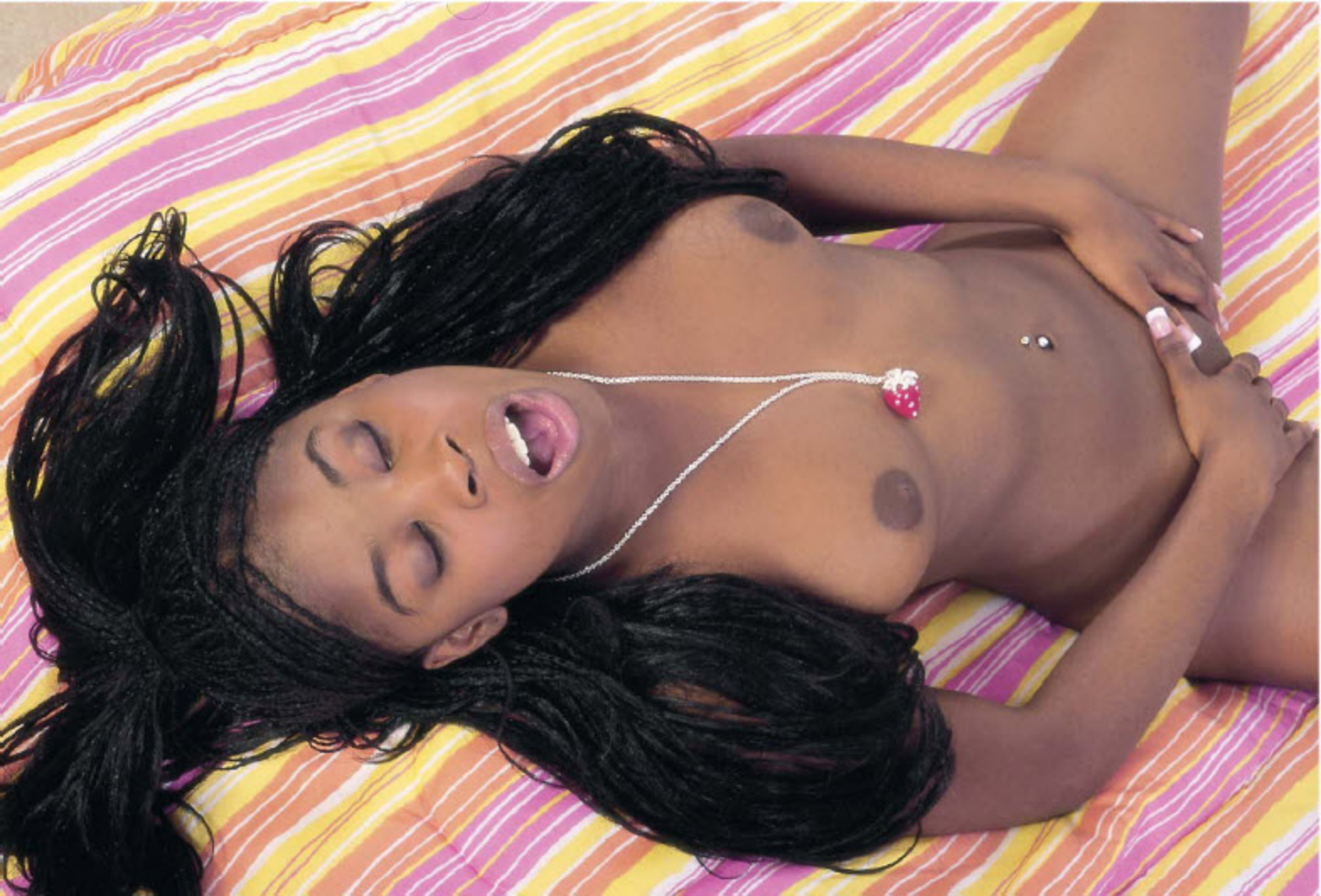


you. Let me stroke it for you. Does that feel good? Your dick is so big and hard, so slick from being in my pussy. Here it comes. I can feel it flexing in my hand. It's coming soon, isn't it, baby? Yeah, like that. Give it to me. What do you want? In my mouth? Yeah, that's okay. Do it in my mouth. I want to taste you. Go ahead, I'm not afraid.

Mmmm. Oh, my god! I'm laughing because I never thought you could shoot so much. I think I'm going to get a stomach ache from swallowing it all! Wow, you must have really been turned on! It's a little weird tasting, but I'm happy to do it. As long as you'll still kiss me now. You will? Awesome, baby!

You see? Today we're not a white person or a black person, we're two people coming together. Breaking barriers, that's us, baby!







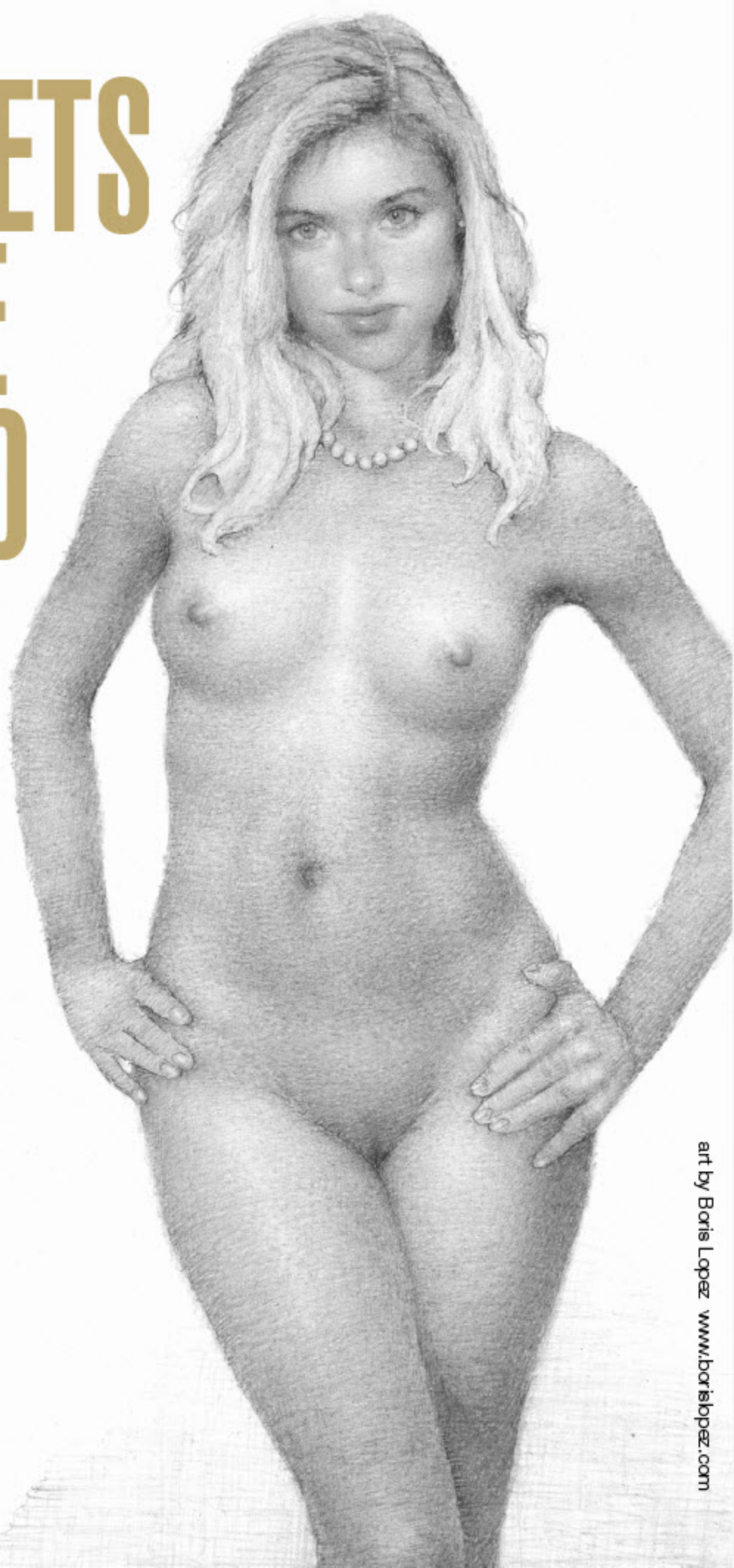
STAR GETS DOUBLE TEAMED

OUR NEW 18 YEAR-OLD
CONTRIBUTOR TELLS
ABOUT HER VERY FIRST
MENAGE A TOIS

"I decided to let him fuck me, although, in reality, it was never really my decision at all. Even if I never admitted it to myself, Kurt could have had me any time, any place, and he knew it. But he toyed with me, and I loved him for it. I was sitting with him on the baseball bleachers, stealing a few minutes outside and enjoying the last warm nights of the summer, before curfew. I found his smoothness so seductive—the way he pulled my body down, so I was sitting in his lap, the folds of my skirt hiked up my thighs and exposing my soft skin to his touch.

"Damn, girl, you look so good tonight. What are you wearing under that uniform?" His fingers brushed the hem of my school skirt, gently caressing the fabric, running them delicately up the curve of my inner thigh. It made me shiver to have him touch me like that. I watched, wide-eyed, as his fingers moved from my inner thigh, disappearing under the plaid fabric of my outfit, and then the shock of his touch. I gasped, and curled myself into him.

"You know, all my friends have been talking about you. If only they knew how special you are, Star." His words hummed in me, the rhythmic movement of his fingers, pushing



against my aching body.

"How do you know I'm special, Kurt? You don't even know me."

He tightened his arm around my waist, holding me in one hand like I was a little girl, while the other fingered me. I gasped, unable to control my body, which had begun to shake as I sat in his lap. I felt wetness beginning to drip in between my thighs, and Kurt's fingers moved with more insistence.

"You know this part here?" he asked, ignoring my question, letting his finger hover right at the edge of my clit. I could feel it throbbing against him. "This is the most sensitive part of you, Star. You let me touch you here....I promise you will never feel as good!"

I knew what kind of guys he was. But here's the thing: I think there's something wrong with me. Nice boys make me sick. Like, physically, I can't even be around them. It's too obvious that they like you, that they want to be around you. That they need you. It cheapens the raw *emotionality* of the whole thing, being open with your feelings. Being told I'm beautiful by a nice guy with 'a future in business' doesn't mean anything to me. Being told I'm beautiful by a hard-edged drug addict, ex-con, or even in this case a cocky, arrogant hockey jock asshole? Now that *means* something. At least, in my fucked up imagination it means something. Those are the guys who seem to know what's important in life, what they want, and if they say *I'm* important, that they want *me*, I'll believe it.

I don't know where it comes from, the good-girl bad-boy syndrome. Maybe it's the product of being infallible in the eyes of my parents. The golden child. Straight A's. Elite prep school and Ivy League bound. *Med school bound*. How can you blow that? You can't, unless you're completely self-destructive. Or you like it when someone else destroys you. That's my dark secret: I'm a good girl who likes being taken advantage of by bad men. I know I'm not the first girl with bad-boy addiction, but, wow, I have it bad.

People are *mean* elite schools, and they'll let you know immediately—if not sooner—when you've fucked up. Or when you don't fit in. And I certainly didn't fit in. Like I said, I'm a nice girl. When I try to pretend otherwise, people see right through me. And nobody likes nice girls. Except for bad-boys, of course. Like Kurt.

He was a senior, hockey and lacrosse captain, and veritable stud of my prep school. Tall, with big shoulders and blonde hair, he was known to like young freshman girls. I heard a rumor he offered coke to a freshman, got her high and then spread the rest of the coke over their assholes and fucked it. I should have been scared off by that story, but I wasn't. I was turned on. I wanted Kurt. I wanted what he might do to me. More than that, I wanted to be the girl that Kurt *needed*. The girl he'd change his life for.

I don't remember how we first hooked up. I assume, with some vague recollection, he let me know he wanted me, and I went to him. I'm a romantic at heart. The nice girl part of me thought, hoped, he was interested in me for who I was. Does that sound completely naïve? That he thought I was special?

And then of course there was the bad girl part of me that wanted to get fucked. I would

I was caught on my hands and knees between the two of them, their cocks hard and ready for me.

daydream in chemistry class about Kurt, about him sliding himself inside of me, pounding me from behind. I imagined it would hurt me just a little, but that was okay. Pain and pleasure would build. He'd pull my head back by my hair and whispering into my ear his love as he forced me to orgasm.

When I went over there, to his apartment I think I knew what was going to happen, but somehow I hoped it was going to be different, that he would treat me special because it was me. The apartment was filled with hockey equipment, and the whole place stank like stale sweat and dirty Under Armor. Elbow pads on the kitchen counter and hockey sticks against the walls. I walked through the mess to Kurt's room, where he and his roommate Boo were sitting on the remains of a couch, playing video games.

Boo was another hockey player and frat boy, shorter than Kurt, and broader, with dark shaggy hair. The couch they lounged on was covered with dirty clothes, and the two of them sat half-dressed, with a six-pack of beer half-finished, intent on their video game.

After finishing his round, Kurt tossed the video game controller down. Then he took my hand and lead me to his mess of a bed. After shoving off some books and laundry, he

lay me down and started kissing me. I kissed him back. Boo was right there, but didn't seem too interested. The makeout session continued as normal until suddenly Kurt started kissing me more boldly, sliding his tongue inside my mouth and pushing my body up against the wall. I tried to push back a little, but he quickly pinned me the bed.

"You know the entire team has wanted to get with you since you showed up at this school," he purred, fingering the straps of my tank-top, and the silky skin on the top of my breasts.

"Really?" I asked. As an insecure younger girl, the fact that the team had even *heard* of me seemed flattering.

"Oh, yeah. The boys would love to get in on this." Kurt's voice was smooth, but there was a sinister quality to it.

I didn't know what to make of him, and I didn't know what this was. Over Kurt's shoul-

der I glanced at Boo and saw him watching us. Kurt teased his hand down the front of my jeans. I could feel myself getting wetter through my panties, and I worried—was this Boo guy going to just sit there and watch? He was sitting across the room, still playing videogames, *acting* like he didn't care, but every time I looked over, I caught him staring. He clearly had no intention of leaving.

Something wasn't right about this, and I should have figured it out. I *did* hear that hockey guys had tried to double-team girls, had bragged about it, but who knew if it was true? And the thought of it: "double-teaming." It sounded brutal.

That was the moment I suddenly shed my fog of self delusion. I wasn't special to Kurt. He didn't love me. He didn't respect me. Girls were just walking holes to him—and I was definitely included in that category.

But maybe I wasn't so naïve either. I loved the bad-boys for a reason. Why? To be respected? To be treated nice? No, it was to be treated *badly*. To be a little scared and and wary while I was made love to. There was something totally uncontrollably hot about being watched—about having an audience that would witness me get off. Because deep down I didn't really *want* to be respected. I

wanted to be abused, raped, forced to fuck and cum and get fucked. This was the secret part of me that I'd never admitted to anyone, not even to myself. This was what love meant for me.

Besides, Kurt's touch felt so good, I couldn't imagine making him stop. He was already popping the button of my jeans, drawing down the zipper. I shimmed them off my thighs, down to my ankles. He knew how to touch a girl better than any of the boys I'd been with. Starting slowly, he ran one finger over the length of my clit, with almost no pressure at all, making me swell up to meet him. Just that slight touch was enough to make me lose it. I clamped my mouth down on his shoulder blade so I wouldn't scream out loud.

He fucked me so hard I had to give up sucking Kurt's slick cock or I would choke.

Boo had come to sit in the chair by the bed. In the heavy silence of the room our moans seemed so loud, so exposed, and I could feel myself shaking. I was nervous with Boo being there; so close, so *right there*, that I couldn't pretend anymore. He was going to touch me, and there was nothing I could do about it. *Both* of them were going to touch me. So I tried to be bold, and let them know I was ready to play. For Boo's appreciation, as well as for Kurt's, I moaned a little louder. I wanted to let them know that I would go along with this. I wanted to be watched. Touched. Maybe even exploited.

Kurt kissed lower and lower and soon his tongue slipped inside my pussy, I arched my back, the thin sheet sliding off me, revealing my nipples and stomach for Boo. The boy literally grunted as he looked down on me. Between my legs, Kurt slid two fingers into my slit, and the sudden pleasure of being penetrated made me gasp loudly.

I suddenly could feel Boo's hand in my hair. Unconsciously, I reached up for him. Our first kiss was rough, his mouth down over mine, thrusting his tongue against mine. I kissed him back just as hard. He seemed surprised. I knew he had been wondering how to coerce me into touching him, and I don't think he expected me to be so easy. But his resistance lasted only a second. When his hand found my breast, he grabbed hard, and his tongue met mine with force.

I was in some kind of fucked-up heaven. The simultaneous feeling of Boo's tongue in my mouth, with his hand kneading my breasts and squeezing my nipples, and Kurt in between my legs, caressing my clit with his tongue and penetrating me with his fingers was too much. I felt like all my secret spaces were being filled and I was going to explode. I wanted to be taken advantage of; it was a rush like I'd never imagined, that I didn't think was even okay to imagine. I kissed Boo hungrily, running my hands down his fit stomach and over his belt, feeling the growing bulge of his cock under the pant zipper. I was fumbling with the belt buckle and just about to release his cock, when the warmth and wetness I had felt on my pussy was replaced with

cold air. Kurt had resurfaced and, throwing the sheet aside, was kneeling between my legs, watching me squirm under Boo's mouth and hands. I looked down to see him opening his own pants.

"Boys, stop." I tried to say, to get my bearings, to slow things down. I couldn't believe my own nerve at taking on two. But I definitely wanted this. It was another fantasy come true for me, getting fucked by two boys at the same time. But everything was moving so fast, and I was scared they would hurt me. Neither of them asked me if I was okay; neither went slow or seemed nervous. They wanted to fuck me, and I wasn't sure I was ready for that. I had just lost my virginity, and the violent lust with which they took me in their hands and mouths overwhelmed me. There was no tenderness in their eyes, no concern; they didn't seem to hear me when I begged for them to stop. Although I admit now my protests could have been more vocal.

Everything I knew about sex was 'traditional,' safe, and definitely one-on-one guy/girl only. And in my school, girls who allowed their sex lives to be otherwise—even if they enjoyed it—were branded as sluts and gossiped about ruthlessly. That was the other thing about the hockey boys; they took what they wanted from girls, and then left them to be brutalized by the cruel and jealous school system. I liked to think I didn't care, that the gossip around me didn't affect me. Deep

down, though, I knew what would happen if I let these boys inside of me.

But my body wanted them both and the pull of lust and sex were so strong inside me I had no choice but to let my body take over. Rising up onto my knees, I turned to Kurt, letting him take in my small, firm tits, the lines of my stomach muscles, my freshly waxed vagina. At the same time, I could feel Boo staring behind me, devouring my back and ass with his eyes. For his consideration, I bent over slowly as I undid Kurt's belt, allowing Boo a better view. With a little roughness I grabbed Kurt's cock out of his pants, exposing him to me and Boo. His shaft curved upward, with a big purple head that I knew would hit the spot perfectly if I let him put it in me; just imagining his perfectly shaped cock pounding my pussy made me wet.

Kurt looked at me expectantly, waiting impatiently for me to open my mouth for him. I had given head before, but not a lot, and I struggled to fit Kurt's cock down my throat. I knew he wanted me to get him as wet as possible, so I slicked his cock with saliva, popping the head out of my mouth to lick along the shaft, caressing him with my hands. On his knees on the bed, I could feel Kurt watching me, and I looked up into his eyes as I pushed his cock as far down my throat as possible. With a small moan of pleasure, Kurt grabbed my hair up in his hand, yanking my head back off his cock until my lips were just barely touching the tip, and moved his cock back and forth over my opened mouth, tapping it with a gentle, wet sound. I looked up at him, silently, allowing him to push his cock back into my parted lips, not resisting him. With my eyes, I begged him to do what he wanted to me.

But I was being negligent. I wasn't used to entertaining more than one guy, and I had forgotten about Boo entirely. That is, until I felt him come up behind me on the bed and grab my hips firmly in his hands. Pulling me back, he placed my naked body against his. I could feel his cock hardening as he rubbed himself slowly in between my thighs, dangerously close to my pussy, which had begun to throb with desperate need. I was caught on my hands and knees between the two of them, their cocks hard and ready for me. Still looking into Kurt's eyes, I heard the sound of Boo wetting his fingers, and felt him slide

them into my already drenched pussy. At the same time, his thumb reached out to put gentle pressure along the rim of my ass, which he spread wide open for himself. His fingers searched inside of me, crooking themselves up to hit a soft spot and make me moan. I tried to focus on Kurt, but I wanted to be penetrated everywhere. I wanted them to fill up every hole and release their cum inside me. The idea of the simultaneous pumping of their orgasming cocks almost made me cum on the spot.

Boo, excited now, grabbed my hips and twisted me around until I was lying on my back on the bed. Above my head, Kurt was rapidly stroking his cock, while between my legs, Boo was getting his own ready to penetrate me. I could see him getting harder and thicker, as he rubbed his shaft against the inside of my thigh. I arched my back until my head was completely upside down to suck on Kurt's balls; I could feel him shaking a little as I closed my mouth around him, sucking gently and teasing the inside of his thighs with my fingers. I knew the boys were watching me—my body stretched out long between them, my firm tits heaving with each little gasp that escaped my lips, my pussy pink and glistening, just pleading to be spread wide—and I could tell their cocks were hard and ready to fuck.

I began to swallow Kurt's cock with more intensity, allowing my saliva to run over my mouth and drip down my throat and chest. At the same time, I lifted my hips up, showing Boo my ready pussy, desperately hoping he would fill me with his cock. I felt the tip graze my clit, and the contact sent chills up my body; both boys saw me shudder. The brutal pleasure with which they touched my body made me tremble with a mix of fear and passion. I had to fight to control myself. The knowledge that we were doing something bad—something forbidden or taboo—was the only thing that stopped them from plunging their cocks into me immediately; there was a pause, a moment of hesitation in them. We had reached the threshold of perversion.

"Please. Please. I want both of your cocks in me, right now! Mmm fuck me!" I couldn't help letting the words out. It was the only thing I could say. I couldn't stand the tension anymore; I had lost control.

"So, you want to get fucked? I hope you

can handle both of us." And with an evil look in his eye, Boo thrust his hardened cock all the way into my pussy. The force of his movement pushed Kurt's cock further down my throat than I thought possible, and I almost gagged as I tried to deal with the double penetration. Both boys were up to their hilts in me, and I wanted it all. I moaned out loud, a sound stifled by Kurt's throbbing cock, and bucked up on Boo. He pulled his cock out to the tip, and laughed as he teased me, holding my ass down and rubbing his cock against my swollen lips. I could taste the precum on Kurt's dick and it made me crazy, thinking about how I made him feel, how I wanted his cum in my throat, over my lips, on my face. From behind, I felt Boo sliding his fingers around my moist pussy, using the juices to lather my asshole. Tentatively, he slid one finger into that tight hole, just far enough to make me gasp. Alarmed by the sound, Boo paused. I couldn't stand the tease, the cock just beyond my pussy and his finger just inside of me; with desperate passion I thrust my ass towards him, jamming his thick cock back deep inside of me, as his finger slid all the way into my asshole.

Loving the deepness of it, the thickness stretching my pussy out, and my wetness and his precum dripping down my legs.

Boo knew to fuck me viciously now. And he did it with relish, pounding my pussy, while holding firmly onto my thigh with his other hand. He fucked me so hard I had to give up sucking Kurt's slick cock or I would choke. Instead I raised my body up and turned around. Arching my back to fit along Boo, I felt his chest rub along my back and shoulders, and ran my tongue along the outside of his ear. Boo moaned in response to my tease, and, grabbing my hair, wrenched my head back roughly. He held me tight to him, one hand in my hair, and the other—pulled out of my asshole—pressing me firmly by the stomach into his cock. Loving the deepness of it, the thickness stretching my pussy out, and my wetness and his precum dripping down my legs.

I looked pleadingly at Kurt. "Please, I want to feel you on my pussy. Please." I begged. Kurt had been massaging his big cock in front of me, grunting with pleasure and watching Boo force himself into me. With his other hand

he reached out and tested my pussy, tapping lightly on the swollen clit to make me tremble. He began to rub me more vigorously, making me feel so good I writhed on Boo's cock, which stiffened even more as it pounded into me. Boo had to grab me to hold me down against him. With four hands caressing my tits and clit, and a big cock deep in my pussy, I began to feel the orgasm rise up in me. I could hear Boo's cock pound in and out of me, faster and faster, and the dull slap of his balls against my ass. My thighs began to shake, I felt weak, and Kurt had to hold me up against Boo. I was pinned between two boys, unable to hold myself up, completely at their mercy, which was brutal and ruthless. Boo pulled my hair as my pussy was assaulted over and over again. Every part of my body strained for more cock. If I didn't get it, hard and deep inside me, I was going to go crazy!

My whole body was weak and shaking. My breathing rapid and punctuated by my moans. I was about to cum. I was ready. and just as I was about to explode, Kurt grabbed my hair in his rough hands and shoved my mouth down over his cock. Something about

the violence of the gesture made me cum on the spot. My body wouldn't stop shuddering, sinking. Boo following me down with his cock still pumping in me, still pounding as Kurt lifted my head by the hair. Holding me still, he slipped his cock in and out of my mouth.

Then, as if on signal, both boys pulled their dripping cocks out of me and, within seconds of each other, shot off. Kurt covered my lips and face with his cum, moaning as he looked down on me. From behind, I felt Boo squirt on my ass cheeks, covering it.

There was no snuggling after. They cleaned up, mumbled, went back about their business. Neither asked me outright to leave, but I knew where I stood with them. I didn't want to stay anyway. It hurt too much. Walking home, stained and bedraggled, it was all I could do not to cry. How could something that felt so good in the moment make me feel so bad afterwards? I guess that's the pain that comes with being used. What did I expect, messing with the bad boys? ♥

Triniti



Fucking
With
You

AGE
18
FROM
Tallahassee,
FL

Triniti is attending college in Florida, but has yet to declare her major.

So how do you feel after the shoot? You seemed like you were kind of into it.

You seemed like you were kind of into it.

Well, yeah, you're a pretty cute girl. What did you expect?

Listen to yourself: "You're a pretty cute girl." Do you always try to pick up the models this way?

Is that what I'm doing?

Yes. I'm not stupid, so don't talk to me like I am.

Okay...so, let's say I'm picking you up then. Is that a good thing or a bad thing?

It depends. You could be doing it a little better.

Maybe I'm a little flustered. I just saw you spread your pussy for us about two minutes ago. It's hard for me to keep my composure.

Yeah, well I'm sitting here naked, so...

And you look awesome.

So what are you going to do about it?

Fuck, you're a pushy little minx, aren't you?

I like fucking with people.

I like fucking with people too. I like fucking with little, blond, teenage smart-asses who like to





spread their pussy for magazines.

I spread it for money, dude. I don't just do it for attention.

Is that what you're after, money?

Maybe. Why, you got some?

What are you offering?

What are you paying?

Fuck! You are just fucking with me, aren't you?

Let's just put it on the table: blowjob.

Yeah, so?

I like giving blowjobs. I'm totally good at giving blowjobs. And guys love the way I give blowjobs.

No kidding? What do you do that's so great?

Well... I know how to lick it really good, and use my tongue and my lips. I know how to work my hand when I suck it and get it all hot and wet with my spit. Then, once I'm warmed up, I can push it down my throat a few inches.

Deepthroat, huh?

Yeah. It rocks. Guys go crazy. I've broken up relationships with my oral skills. It makes guys lose their shit so they're just left sitting in their own spunk and staring at the ceiling, saying, "Fuuuuck..." My blowjobs are probably worth like three hundred dollars.

Three...er...that's a lot.

It's a lot of blowjob.









I could go to an ATM machine or something.

Yeah? You could do that?

Yeah, I mean...if you're serious.

I'm so, so serious, baby.

Editor's note: The freelance writer returned to the studio with his freshly withdrawn \$300 only to find that Triniti had already left. According to the photographer, she laughed her ass off about it and called him a "fucking douche bag." We're still making fun of him today.







HAIR

Backseat
Driver



AGE
18
FROM
Austin,
TX

Laylah is studying hotel management in Texas.

Pretty awesome shoot. Thank you for doing it.

You're welcome! I actually love showing off my body. I've never had a problem with it. I actually have a different problem: whenever I get drunk I always flash my boobs. It's totally stupid but alcohol makes me want to take out my boobs. I do it at bars, parties, on the beach. I once did it to a cop who pulled us over and was looking through our trunk. Luckily he was cool about it and thought it was kind of funny.

What about when you're sober?

When I'm sober I usually remember not to take my boobs out



and to be modest.

Usually?

No promises! I may wear a g-string with a short skirt, or really low-rider jeans where you can kind of see my crack or the whale tail of my g-string.

You seem to be a pretty sexed-up girl. Is that a put-on or are you the real deal?

Oh, I'm for real. Ever since I've been a teenager I've been masturbating every day. Now I'm sexually active...actually I still masturbate a lot. Having sex makes me horny, which makes me have sex...

...which makes you more horny.

We get it. What kind of sex do you like the most?

I kind of like to be sexually manipulated, if you know what I mean.

We don't. What do you mean?

Like, treated kind of rough...but in a loving manner, you know? It's not like I want to be raped, but I like the guy to be a little assertive, like he's taking control. Of course I want that control to lead to him doing the stuff I want him to do [laughs], so I guess I secretly want control too. I'm a backseat driver.

What do you want him to do?

I love to do spooning, him taking me from behind while we're on our sides. Also froggy style. I cum like crazy that way!

What's froggy style?

The girl's on top





and you put your feet on either side of his hips and squat down on it. You sort of straddle him while squatting. It gets the penetration deeper than any other way, and you can do these little bounces that send the cock right into the g-spot. Fuck, it's a mind-blower! Also, it really tones up your legs after a few sessions of that.

You also said earlier that you're bisexual.

That's true. I have a few on-again off-again girlfriends. More like girl fuck-buddies. We have the most awesome time, because sex between us is all just about getting off. A lot of





them I met at the club I used to dance at for a while. We get together, smoke a doob, and go down on each other. It's the best way to unwind, because girls know how to suck on a pussy so much better than a guy ever understands. And we don't get tired or lose our erections, so we can spend hours just chilling out, sucking on each other's pussies or making out, break to watch a little TV or play tunes, then maybe break out the toys and start up again. I have a secret drawer where I keep toys: a dildo and a vibrator, even a vibrating butt plug, which is fun even though I don't like anal sex. Also I have a pair of handcuffs, which everybody gets off on, even if they don't think they're going to. The minute I get those cuffs on 'em and get to work on their pussies, the girls go absolutely crazy!

You sound like a really fun girl, Laylah, in a really genuine way.
I am genuine. Life is too short and you should have as much fun as you can.

So, last question, if we wanted to pick you up, how should we do it?

From my butt.







Allie

Dr. Tongue



AGE
18
FROM
Columbia,
SC

When he goes down on me, he envelopes my pussy in his mouth.

Before this, before I met him, I honestly thought sex was something others could enjoy but not me. All that high school fumbling around—pretending to get off just to make the guy feel better—that's all changed now. He's not that handsome. He's older than me. He's not that tall or in shape. His music is really old and weird. But his tongue! Oh my God!

I gasp for air as his tongue caresses my pussy open. I let out a grunt as he slithers it in and pushes my lips apart. He has this amazing ability to know what I want more than I do. His tongue presses up against a part of my pussy I must have touched a thousand times but somehow when he does it the feelings are so new and intense it's like



a revelation. It's so dirty and raw that it sends a shock of surprise through me that gets my whole body twisting. How did he know how to do that!?!

Suddenly he pulls away. I whimper in disappointment quicker than I can stop myself. He's playing me, I can tell. He's holding back deliberately to make me want him more—to make me beg for it! I don't care; I need it. "Please. C'mon, just do it!" I plead as my body squirms for him. My pussy is actually making little pulsing motions between my thighs, yearning for his tongue to come back.

With a cocky smile, he puts one of my legs over his shoulder. Then he slowly lowers

himself back down. His tongue touches my pussy and retreats. My butt scoots after him, but he's continuing to be coy. "Please!" I beg. He's driving me out of my mind with anticipation. Suddenly his tongue is back and *slathering* wetly right up my pussy canal—hot, sweet, delicious slide—until it settles right on up against my clit!



Burying his head between my legs, he owns my pussy with his mouth. I claw the bedspread with my nails, lifting my ass off the ground to give him easier access. He curls his tongue around my clit, enfolding it, pulling on it every so gently until it's a wet, swollen button of raw feeling. I'm shivering with stimulation, my knees twitching with the electricity of his touch. He grabs my legs and spreads them wide. Oh, it feels like he's sucking the wetness out of my pussy! I'm starting to lose my sanity. My body is twisting like an animal. It's primal, almost angry, almost *painful* in my yearning for release.

His tongue is hooked inside, curling my pussy right open. My tongue is out, panting, licking my own lips, my fingers. His tongue keeps going...going.... My body is quivering with the oncoming storm. He's actually *thrusting* his tongue into me, plowing my slit with his outthrust tongue. I squeal his name, clutching my knees to my chest. I bite down on my own knee, slap myself on the thigh—this is just too fucking good!



Here it comes. My back arches. My mouth lets out a full-throated moan of pure animal arousal. My head starts thrashing, tossing my hair over my face. My fingers tear at the bed. My toes curl. My chest heaves. My hips start thrusting up into his mouth violently, uncontrollably. I crush my pussy into his slathering mouth. OH, FUCK! RIGHT THERE! RIGHT THERE! KEEP IT RIGHT THERE!

I can't really describe what happened next. It was almost like a seizure. My eyes rolled back into my head and my whole body was gripped in the rolling thunderhead of my orgasm.



I screamed so loud that people in the apartment next door started banging on the wall.

People out on the street heard me. For a full minute I screamed and sobbed in total animal abandon. When he was done with me, I was sweat covered and panting on the bed, my knees still shivering. I could barely talk. I don't think I could have told you my name.

His tongue is a miracle. I don't care how he looks, or what age he is, or how young I am. With a tongue like that, I want to marry him.









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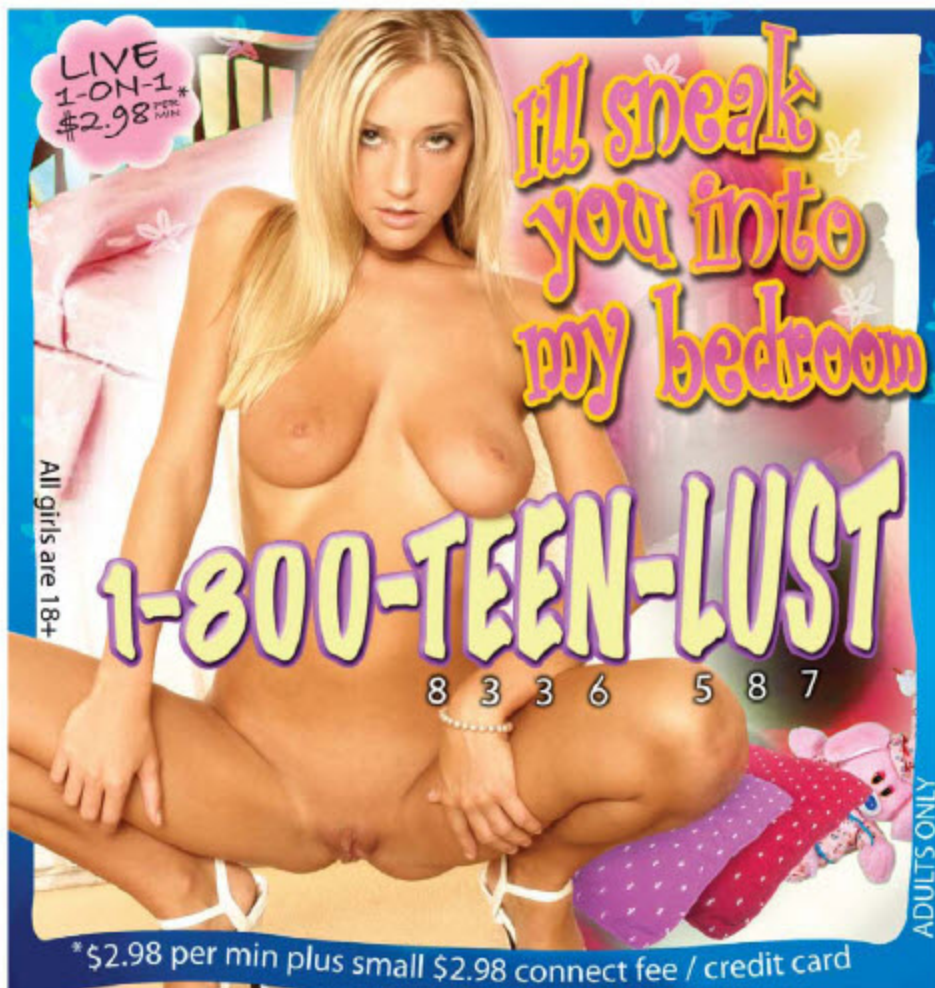
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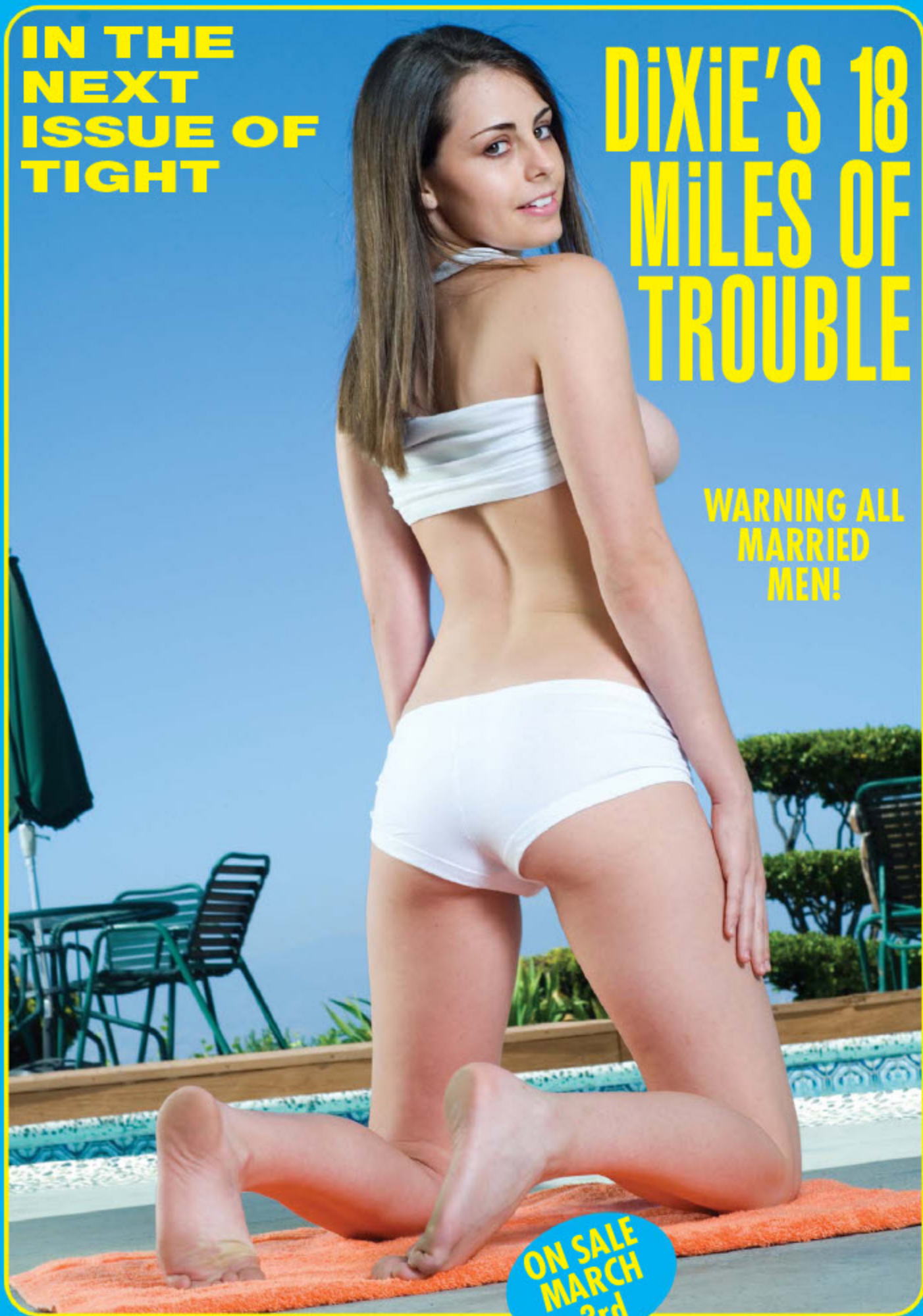
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